in the shadow of your heart

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in the shadow of your heart

by peacefrog

Summary

Again and again Hannibal softly said Will’s name. It felt like a hymn rattling in his ears. It felt entirely too holy tucked into the mouth of the devil.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Firelight illuminated the line of Hannibal's neck. He sat at his drawing desk, smudging graphite with the tip of his finger. His sleeves were rolled up to his elbows and his tie was pulled loose at his throat. Will approached and wrapped his fingers around the knot, pulling upward until Hannibal dropped the pencil and met his gaze.

A familiar sight had blossomed half finished on Hannibal's page. Will's home back in Wolf Trap, skeletal trees rising around the perimeter, their branches like claws looming high and closing in. Two shadowy figures blackened the front window, charcoal ghosts so haunting Will had to force himself to look away.

"Take off your clothes," Will said, releasing his grip on Hannibal's tie and stepping back.

Hannibal's pupils dilated in the orange glow of the room. He meticulously tucked away his drawing supplies and rose from the desk. He peeled back his layers one-by-one in calculating silence. When he was through his clothes sat in a pristine stack atop the desk, his shoes stowed neatly beneath the chair.

Hannibal stood with his hands clasped at the small of his back, his chin held high and his cock soft between his legs. Will's eyes raked from his toes up to the silver sheen of slicked-back hair. He stepped forward and hooked a finger beneath Hannibal's chin.

"Would you let me fuck you?"

The ghost of a smile tugged at Hannibal's lips. "Yes."

"Have you thought about it?"

Hannibal let the moments drip slow and steady before answering. Perhaps he was hoping to see Will squirm. "Yes," he said, finally, letting the smile cut into the sharp edges of his face.

Will wrapped a loose fist around Hannibal's neck. "Do you think about me when you're fucking Alana Bloom?"

Hannibal's smile grew wide at that, but his lips remained sealed. Will tightened his grip and felt Hannibal's pulse jump inside his palm.

There was a leather sofa in the corner of the room, and Will considered for a moment taking Hannibal there, spreading him out against the supple softness and pulling him apart. He decided instead to push him down and watch the bony knobs of his knees press into the rug. With any luck they would be raw and red and singing Will's melody unforgettably for days to come.

Hannibal went down to all fours and stared back at Will over his shoulder. "There's lubrication in my bedroom," he said, his hair cascading down into his eyes.

It was hard to imagine Hannibal Lecter buying things like condoms and lubrication. Will knelt behind him and stuck two fingers into his own mouth and slicked them with spit. He smoothed them between Hannibal's cheeks and began to open him up with the rough edge of impatience.

Will had a condom in his wallet and for a moment he considered slipping it on, but his body demanded skin-on-skin. He knew it was unwise, unsafe, but he supposed the same could be said for allowing himself to fall so deep to begin with. Capturing Hannibal Lecter did not require fucking rug burn into his elbows and knees. It did not require Will to need whatever this was so bad.

Will pulled his fingers from Hannibal's body and unzipped the fly of his pants. He took his cock out and it throbbed inside his hand. His head buzzed with static and the room swayed around him in a blur of crackling flames. He spit into his palm and pressed the head of his cock against Hannibal's entrance and didn't stop until he could feel the warmth of Hannibal's eager body swallowing him whole. His hips began to snap to the metronome of his own hammering heart.

Will gripped Hannibal by the nape and speared him open with his cock until his own knees began to go numb against the floor. Hannibal grunted like a feral beast with each inward thrust, his fists bunched tight near the top of his head. Will reached down between Hannibal's thighs and felt the drip of his cock leaking against the floor. He didn't give Hannibal the embrace of his hand. He didn't give him anything that felt like love at all.

He felt bile rise up in his throat and that only spurred him to fuck at a ceaseless pace. He gripped Hannibal's nape so tight he would wear the shadow of bruises for days where his shirt collar would be certain not to cover. Will wanted to wrap his hands around Hannibal's neck and squeeze until he went limp beneath him. He wanted to dig fingers into his scalp and tug at his hair until he cried out wounded and bright.

Will buried his nose between Hannibal's shoulder blades and stilled his hips. "Turn over," he said. He needed to see Hannibal's face. Maybe then something about the clenching in his chest would begin to make sense.

Will pushed Hannibal's knees back and spread his thighs. He ran his fingers across the deep rug imprints etched into his skin. He traced along Hannibal's slack jaw and pushed the sweat-slick hair up out of his eyes. His body ravaged and raw, he looked entirely human.

Will buried his face in the crook of Hannibal's neck as he pushed back in. Hannibal surrounded him with the cage of his legs and arms. His fingers dug into the fabric of Will's shirt and Will wondered if he would find the ghosts of graphite stains on the fabric the next day. He hoped that he would and he hoped that he would not. Again and again Hannibal softly said Will's name. It felt like a hymn rattling in his ears. It felt entirely too holy tucked into the mouth of the devil.

When Will came his teeth sprang out to bite, but he forced them back beneath his lip and sucked a trail of kisses into Hannibal's shoulder as he rode out the waves of his release. Tears prickled in his eyes. He swallowed them down as he sat back on his heels and wrapped a hand around Hannibal's erection.

“Come on,” Will growled as he stroked. “Let me see you fall apart.”

Hannibal’s hips came up off the rug in time with Will’s unsteady rhythm. He fucked into Will’s tight fist and bit down on the swell of his bottom lip. He came with his back arched and his fingers scrabbling against the rug. His face twisted into a snarl and Will expected to see the familiar presence of twisting antlers rising from his head, but before him there was nothing but a man.

Will ran a hand down Hannibal’s heaving chest and dragged his fingers through the pool of his release. He wondered if it would taste bitter or sweet. He wiped his fingers clean on the leg of his pants before giving in to the urge completely.

Will stood and tucked himself back into his pants and stared down at his shuffling feet. Hannibal pulled himself up from the floor and cleaned himself and dressed. He sat back down at his drawing desk and pulled his supplies back out as if nothing had happened at all.

“Are you going, or will you stay the night?” Hannibal asked, eyes trained on the page his pencil glided upon.

He had never asked Will to stay over before. Will approached the desk and watched Hannibal draw the long slope of his front yard. He had begun to dot shadowy dogs around the trunk of a barren tree.

“I have to go,” Will said, tucking his hands into his pockets so that he wouldn’t fidget. “But you can come with me if you want.”

“Alright,” Hannibal said, dropping his pencil and watching it roll halfway across the desk. “Give me a few moments to pack a bag and we can go.”

Will waited for him in the foyer and leaned against the door. His chest ached and he could feel his own blood rushing behind his eyes, could almost see it too, glistening red in the periphery of his vision. He could feel the phantom hook lodged deep inside his cheek, his own line dangling the bait he was all too eager to gobble down.

Hannibal came down the stairs with a duffle slung over his shoulder and his hair tucked freshly back into place. He held his hand at the small of Will’s back as he opened the door and the two of them stepped out into the night. Crickets screeched their lullabies. Will could feel his own heart cleaving itself in two.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> Will felt as though he were floating and falling all at once. Hannibal pulled his body taut as a cello string. Will arched into the touch and allowed himself to be bowed.

It had been so long since Will last shared a bed with another person he could hardly remember their face, and their name was lost entirely to him. Hannibal emerged from the bathroom shirtless in his silk pajama bottoms and slipped beneath the covers next to Will. The dogs were all nestled in their beds, curled up near the fireplace fast asleep.

“I’ll have to leave early in the morning,” Hannibal said, turning onto his side to face Will. “I’ll gladly let you sleep in, but if you’d like I can make us breakfast before I go.”

Will pulled the covers up to his chin. He felt naked and bare and regretted wearing only his boxers. “Okay,” he said, turning his head to meet Hannibal’s eyes. In the glow of the bedside lamp his face looked soft and tired. “Goodnight.”

Will clicked off the lamp and turned his back to Hannibal. They lay there breathing in the dark long enough for Will to feel the first tendrils of sleep dragging him down. Hannibal shifting beside him pulled Will back to the world of the living. Hannibal pressing himself in a hard line against his back set Will’s heart racing in his chest.

“What I have with Alana is a matter of convenience,” Hannibal’s words tickled against the side of Will’s neck, “or rather, it was.”

Will sighed and shifted back so that Hannibal could hear him speak. “I understand perfectly what you’re doing with Alana,” he said. “We don’t have to talk about it.”

“Is there anything else you’d like to discuss?”

Like you allowing me to bend you over and fuck you without question? “No.”

“Alright.” Hannibal's arm snaked around Will's middle. His fingers felt like flames licking down Will’s belly and skimming across the waistband of his shorts.

“Hannibal.” Will liked the weight of Hannibal's name against his tongue. He didn't say it nearly enough. “*Hannibal*.” He said it again with reverence just to feel the flinch of fingers against his skin.

“Would you like to have me again?” Hannibal's words flowed right into his ear and pooled warm inside his bones.

Will melted into Hannibal's embrace. "No."

"May I touch you, then?"

"You're already touching me."

Will could feel Hannibal's smile stretched against his nape. Hannibal's hand pushed past Will's waistband and into his boxer shorts. His cock was soft but immediately began to thicken in the heat of Hannibal's touch. Will reached down beneath the covers to shove his shorts down around his thighs.

Hannibal stroked Will to hardness with rapturous skill. "Do you still fantasize about killing me?"

Will's fingers dug into the softness of his pillow. "Yes."

"Still with your hands?"

"Yes."

"Do they wrap around my neck?" Will was fully hard and leaking. Hannibal slicked pre-come up and down his shaft. "Do you watch the light drain from my eyes?"

"I do it slow," Will moaned, squeezing shut his eyes. "I want to make it last."

"The pleasure is in the process. Prolonging that pleasure leads to a more euphoric release."

"There's no release in killing you." Will's hips rocked up into Hannibal's fist. "It ends and it's just… over."

"Do you want this to be over?"

Will's stomach lurched. *Yes. No. Never.* "I don't want you dead."

Hannibal grazed his teeth along the junction where Will's shoulder met his neck. "The world could be ours, together," he said, punctuating his words with a gentle kiss. "We could share in every pleasure."

Will felt as though he were floating and falling all at once. Hannibal pulled his body taut as a cello string. Will arched into the touch and allowed himself to be bowed.

"Come away with me." Hannibal's voice was the edge of a blade and Will teetered on the brink, certain he was fated to bleed.

I can't, Will thought. *I can't*. "Where?"

"Anywhere you'd like. Anywhere you've ever dreamed."

Will sometimes dreamed he was drowning in the dark. With Hannibal's body like a cage all around him he could feel it as surely as he did those nights he woke up gasping and desperate

for air. He gave in to the anchor of Hannibal's hand and slipped underneath, the pull and sway of their bodies stronger than any current.

Will's orgasm came with a rush of venom, a bite sinking deep into his veins. Hannibal stroked him through the cresting waves and back down to the call of the shore. Hannibal pulled his hand away and Will pressed his face into the pillow. Behind him he could hear the sounds of Hannibal sucking his fingers into his mouth, no doubt savoring every drop of Will's release.

Hannibal was hard against his back but the thought of touching him tenderly in that moment felt unbearable. The thought of Hannibal letting him go was a searing pain felt equally as deep. He leaned back against Hannibal's chest. He kept his hands clasped together beneath the sheets. After a moment Hannibal helped him pull his shorts back up and they lay in blissful silence watching the little blue numbers on the bedside clock ticking by.

A million words danced on the tip of Will's tongue. "Goodnight, Hannibal," he settled on after a while, the words coming out so quiet they might as well have been nothing but air.

"Goodnight, Will," Hannibal whispered, pressing a kiss into Will's hair.

The sun would rise and the day would come, and reality would bleed into Will's chest like early morning light through the parted curtains, but for a moment he allowed himself to be still and to dream. He breathed in fantasies not of death, but of another life to come, of some far off place where the two of them could conquer.

He dreamed not of blood but of breath, a rush of fresh air spilling into his lungs. He dreamed that the blade held tight against his throat would fall away, replaced with the gentle brush of a familiar hand. He dreamed they could claw their way out of their tangled mess together.

He dreamed that he could do what needed to be done. He dreamed that he could bear it.

End Notes

original prompt on tumblr here.

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